

Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT"

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COURTSHIP AN EARL.

A Moment of Triumph and Then Complete Humiliation

"Lame!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins to her daughter Matilda, "who do you think has arrived at the hour?"

"Any of our friends?" inquired the daughter.

"I wish I could say he was," said Mrs. Jenkins. "No," Matilda, it is no less than a member of the British nobility."

"How do you know, mother?"

"Because I happened to be in the post-office a few minutes since, and with my own eyes I saw a letter upon the wheel directed to Earl Spencer, Jonesboro' Hotel. So I went right over to the hotel and found that it was so. The landlady pointed out the young man to me. O, Matilda, he is such an elegant young man, and all that air of high breeding and so on, which you only find in the nobility."

"Really, mother, you quite excite my curiosity."

"But I've got more to tell you, Matilda. I've managed to get an invitation from the landlady to come over and take tea, so that we shall be introduced to him. Only think of that! And if—only think—he should take a fancy to you and Matilda, though I ought not to say it, you are very pretty—just the very picture of what I was at your age—"

"—as I was saying, I don't think it at all improbable, at least impossible, that you should attract his attention, and think what a fine thing it would be if you should become a countess."

Mrs. Jenkins paused to take breath after this long and rather loosely-jointed speech, to see what effect it would have upon her daughter. The latter seemed quite as much affected as she could wish. She was like her mother, not only in form but in mind, and her mother's words had stirred her ambition.

"La, how fine that would be!" she exclaimed. "I guess Ellen Hawkins would not show her airs any more. The mean creature, I wouldn't take any notice of her, except just to invite her to the wedding so that she might have a chance to envy my good luck."

"Very true," said her mother, approvingly. "But you know a good deal must be done before this can be accomplished. You must endeavor to look your prettiest to-night, so as to produce an impression upon the young man, if possible. I think you had better wear your green de laine."

"No, mamma, that doesn't become me. I shall wear my plum-colored silk, and you must lend me your gold chain."

"But," said Mrs. Jenkins, reluctantly, "I was going to wear that myself."

"Don't see," said her daughter, tossing her head, "that is of much consequence how you look. I presume you don't expect the young lord will marry you. But it is very important how I look. If I can't go looking decent I won't go at all. Of course all the ladies in England have gold and jewels to wear, and I know he won't say a word to me unless I have something of the kind."

"Perhaps you ought, Matilda," said her mother. "I am sure it is my sole aim in life to promote your success, and if I could only live to see you the wife of an earl I should die in peace."

Notwithstanding the apparent distressiveness of this remark, it is probable that unless Mrs. Jenkins expected to share in the prosperity of her daughter she would have cared considerably less for her alliance with the nobility.

That was a busy day for Mrs. Jenkins and her daughters. It took them up to the very moment of departure to arrange their toilet. At length, resplendent with the best their wardrobes could furnish, they went over to the hotel. It may be remarked, by the way, that Mrs. Jenkins, with the cunning natural to such an admirable manager, had not whispered a word of her ulterior designs to the landlady. She even cautioned her daughter not to address the noblemen by his title in the hearing of any one else.

Six o'clock found them seated at the hotel table. It so chanced that the Earl Spencer was the only guest (the reader must remember that it was a small country inn), and accordingly Mrs. Jenkins and her daughter had the distinguished stranger quite to themselves. It suited Mrs. Jenkins to appear quite ignorant of the earl's station—even of his nationality, unless he should himself reveal it.

It would have been somewhat difficult to decide wherein lay the marks of high birth which Mrs. Jenkins professed to find in the stranger. He looked much more like a third-rate coachman than a fishy waistcoat, extensive cravat and a gorgeous watch-chain which might have been gold, but looked more like the show articles which remind one of the old proverb that "all is not gold that glitters."

But Mrs. Jenkins was not a woman of great discernment. She saw nothing but what might be expected of an earl, and murmured in the ear of Matilda that his appearance was very distinguished—by the way she pronounced the word in a way of her own.

Matilda nodded assent to her mother's remark, and began to play off her airs and graces upon the distinguished gentleman. Her delight was great to find that she was creating an impression. The earl listened to her very attentively, and even condescended to exchange a little playful badinage.

"I should judge," said Mrs. Jenkins, at length, "that you were not an American. There is something about you which makes me think you an Englishman."

"You are right, ma'am," said the earl, "I am from England."

"May I ask if you have been long in our country?"

Mrs. Jenkins hardly knew whether to say yes or no, but finally decided not to do so.

"Only a few months," was the reply.

"A few months," thought she. "Then he must certainly be traveling incognito, or we should have heard of his being here by the papers."

When they were ready to depart, the managing lady turned to the Englishman and said:

A RAILROAD EPISODE.

How a Despondent Man Was Left Alone in This Cold and Cruel World.

A Michigan Central railroad train was hustling along toward Chicago, at the rate of forty miles an hour, when a brassy-faced, middle-aged man suddenly jumped to his feet in the reclining-chair car and glanced hastily and defiantly around as though fearing any one to restrain him. Flinging off his overcoat, and compressing his lips with the air of a man whose mind is made up, he rushed to the door, jerked it open, and screeched at the porter, "Get out of here and face the other passengers!"

"What world, sir?"

Some of the passengers glanced over the tops of their newspapers toward the man, others looked at him with languid interest, while the man nearest the door threw up his arms and yawned brightly.

The man stepped out to the platform, thrust his head back into the car, and again yelled out:

"Farewell, this world, I go hence. Nobody seemed to care whether he went hence or to some other place, and a look of bitter disappointment came into the brassy face of the would-be suicide. He again thrust his head into the car and wildly shrieked out:

"Good-bye, forever!"

"So long, my friend; let us know when you get there," replied the man who had yawned, as he quietly closed the car door and sat down.

The desperate man on the platform flattened his nose against the car window, and gazed in moodily at the train-gull passengers.

Waving them a final adieu he flung off his coat, threw up his arms, and sat down on the platform. Then he crawled up to the keyhole of the door to gaze through it on the horror and remorse-stricken faces of the men and women who had deliberately permitted a human being to go to destruction.

But there wasn't a single horror-stricken passenger to look upon. Several of them were giggling immoderately, and the cold-blooded, yawning passenger was indicating by signs to the others that the "fare-well-in-vindicta" man had not gone home, but was still in New York State.

Finally he came sneaking back into the car with a combined look of sadness and madness on his care-worn face, which grew gloomier when nobody rushed forward to ask the cause of his desperation. Nobody passed the hat for his relief; nobody begged him to confide in them; no purse was made up; nothing turned out as he had thought it would.

Slings himself into the seat he had vacated, the man hissed out to the wretch in front of him, who was yawning and fro with rude and ill-concealed laughter:

"Laugh, now, hang ye! Oh! laugh, why don't ye? If ye had a single drop of the milk of human kindness in your breast ye wouldn't see any thing funny in the suicide of a fellow-being. You'd bid him pause—and—"

"Tickets! Tickets!" cried the conductor, appearing suddenly, and a minute later he was saying to the man who had saved himself from the death of a suicide:

"Look here, my friend, this is the third time within a month that I have caught you trying to head-hunt over this road. The last time you were trying to work the boat-ticket and pocket-book and dying-wife racket on the passengers, and I know from your disappointed look that you've been up to something now that ain't panned out so well, so off ye go!"

A jerk of the bell, a sudden stopping of the train, a quick appearance of a brassy brakeman a slight scuffle near the door, and the gloomy passenger had indeed gone flying from the platform, and the train had gone on, leaving him alone in this cold, vain and cruel world.

—N. Y. Tribune.

She Put Nerve Into Him.

Young Diffident (who has been courting a girl for two years without getting up the nerve to propose)—Did you read about those seminary girls in Massachusetts who were made sick by "nerve-training" Amanda?

Amanda—Yes, I read about it.

Diffident—What a foolish thing that was.

Amanda (in a discouraged tone)—I don't know about it. I think it might be a good thing if you would enter into a course of nerve-training yourself. You seem to need it.

[Diffident went home pondering over her remarks, and the next evening he proposed and was accepted.]—Texas Siftings.

Spite.

Clara—So you are really engaged to Tom, are you? That's a pretty ring you have, but it is not the same one I returned to him after we quarreled.

Sophie—Tom said it was a new one.

Clara—I suppose Tom is in earnest this time, so he got stuck with a fit of economy, and sold the other ring and bought this one, and put the balance in the bank—Harper's Bazar.

It Was Rather Personal.

Char. Lotte (at the market house)—What are you buying, this morning, Jinks?

Jinks—Pigs' feet.

Char. Lotte—Cannibal!

KINDLY COURTESY.

Cherry People Who Make Life Seem Pleasant in All Circumstances.

"I grease the wheels of life with money," said a wealthy man, "and my wife doesn't with politeness. She goes along with far less friction than I do, however."

There are natures so gracious that the patience and kindness of good-breeding seem theirs by inheritance.

"What made you tell her so many times?" asked a sympathetic bystander, who had heard a railway official answer the same question for an old lady six times in fifteen minutes.

"Why, she didn't understand," replied he, simply, evidently a little surprised at the suggestion that he could have refrained from speaking. In disagreeable contrast to his forbearance stands the speech of the sea-captain, irritated by an oft-repeated query.

"Is it always foggy off the Banks?" asked a passenger, gullible of a suspicious captain who might offend.

"How do I know sir?" snarled the captain. "I'm not always off the Banks."

A gentleman who one day lost his temper over some blunder of a workman, and spoke his mind, not only freely but violently, that night professed himself ashamed of the outbreak.

"O, well, papa, I dare say he didn't mind," said a too aristocratic listener. "Those people are probably used to being abused by their superiors."

"I'm not his superior," said the gentleman, testily. "I was very palpably his inferior this afternoon. I lost my temper, and he kept his. I rated him like a fishwife, and though he looked as if he would have liked to knock me down, he answered with perfect politeness."

There is no more unmistakable sign of good-breeding than patience and good-humor in trying circumstances.

A lady who, with a friend, had been making her way through a rough and jostling crowd, said that after the experience was over, she turned to see how her companion had borne it.

"I was in a state of burning indignation at having been pushed and almost trampled on," she said. "But Mary! she was as sweet as a May morning, and placed as a summer sky. I thought she must have been better treated than I, but on looking more closely, I found she was patiently holding up her skirt, which had been torn from the waist, and that her cherished parasol was lost."

Doubtless the one woman was quite as uncomfortable as the other, but Mary knew how to meet the ills of life, and her friend had not yet learned. All honor to her who meets not only great sorrows, but daily misfortunes with a cheerful countenance. She is the genuine lady, the true "giver of bread" to friends and family.

"Are you quite well, Joanne?" asked a kind neighbor, who had reached her daughter's home to find it invaded by scarlet fever.

"Yes, dear, except that my face aches," "Your face?" From your teeth?"

"No, mamma, from smiling. You see, not only are the children sick, but the water-pipes have burst, there's a church quarrel to be settled, I've scolded the front of my new cashmere, and Alfred has had so many headaches this week that he couldn't write his sermon. So you see things have been so very disheartening that I've been obliged to smile, in order not to cry."

It was like a cherry-blossom woman who, amidst her help when a clumsy fellow stepped on her dress in a public hall, and tore in it one of those three-cornered rents before which even the most patient monitor trembles.

"Never mind," said she, sweetly, and apparently forgot all about the occurrence. Half the next day, however, was devoted to mending, darning and concealing the rent, but the work was all done to the accompaniment of a cheerful little song—Youth's Companion.

ABUSE OF TOBACCO.

A Reform Society has for Legal Recognition in France.

The Society Against the Abuse of Tobacco—to give it its proper style, and title—is just now distinguishing itself by an unusual display of energy. It is about to present a petition to the Chamber of Deputies asking that a law shall be passed forbidding boys and girls to be presumed girls as well—under sixteen years of age to smoke. It has also sent a deputation to the Minister of War begging him not to permit soldiers to indulge in the fragrant weed in their own rooms. Not content with this, the society has also requested M. de Freycinet to instruct the commanders of regiments to see that tobacco rations be redistributed to non-smokers as well as to lovers of the pipe, the cigar or the cigarette, as is said to be the case in certain corps, in order that temptation may be not thrown in the way of men who have not already taken kindly to the luxury.

It might have been assumed that if young people under the age of sixteen were not able to look after themselves, their seniors, who donated their red tobacco, the kept or the helmet, might at least be supposed to have arrived at the years of discretion. The society, however, entertains a different opinion. Like most enthusiasts, the anti-tobaccoists have ever, so the mark, yet as a matter of fact, there is no doubt the weed is becoming daily more popular with juveniles, who, although they can hardly be described as babes and sucklings, have barely entered into the stage of boyhood and girlhood. Children of tender years are frequently to be seen investing in cigar cases, and even in cigars, at the different shops where tobacco and postage stamps are sold under the auspices of the authorities, and it is by no means unusual, especially in the districts inhabited mainly by the working classes, to see youngsters of seven or eight trying to keep a cigarette alight. A series of rapid puffing, varied with a vast amount of expectation—Paris Letter.

First Boy—"You got out. My father is the president of a horse railroad."

Second Boy—"You got out. My father is the janitor of an apartment house."

First boy sinks away humbly.—Boston Courier.

AN INNOCENT MAN.

He Plays a Little Trick and Is Caught by the Wrong Policeman.

In Chicago, one night last week, a nicely-dressed man was caught in the act of attempting to pass counterfeit money, and was taken to the police station. When drawn up before court the next morning, he seemed instantly to awaken an interest in the judge, for he was indeed a fine-looking fellow with a well-bred air and a face of striking expressiveness.

"What is your name?" the judge asked.

"Am Leroy Wallraven," he replied.

When the officers that had made the arrest were examined, the judge turned to Leroy Wallraven and said: "I am sorry for you. It does not require much of an effort to sit in judgment upon the misdeeds of a man whose appearance bespeaks a hard life, but it requires an uncomfortable exercise of nerve to pass sentence upon a mere youth that bears the aspect of gentle training."

"Judge," the prisoner spoke up, "please do not exercise your nerve to an uncomfortable extent on my account. I am perfectly willing to relieve you of all responsibility in this matter—in short, you may discharge me."

"Ah, I suppose so," the judge replied. "But you see I have a duty to perform. You are charged with attempting to pass counterfeit money, and as the proof against you is direct, there can be no doubt of your guilt."

"I don't think that I am guilty, judge."

"Don't think that you are?"

"No sir, I do not."

"Why don't you know whether or not you are guilty?"

"Well I can not positively say. The truth is, I was very much intoxicated last night and hardly knew what I did. I am sure, however, that I never carried any counterfeit money about me, and if I attempted to pass a worthless note, I can not understand how I came by it."

"But you did come by it in some way, and of all the counterfeit money I ever saw I think the bill you tried to pass was the worst."

"Will you please let me see it?"

The judge handed him a piece of green paper. The young fellow looked at it for a moment and then roared with laughter.

"You needn't laugh, young man. What you now perceive to be a rank counterfeit might, last evening have seemed to you clever enough to pass."

"I am not laughing at the rankness of the counterfeit; I am laughing at the manner in which the bill came into my possession. I am an actor and played last night. My position in the drama was not a very high one—in fact, I accept a bribe of ten dollars from a fellow that is attempting to run away with a girl. Well, I took the green paper and put it into the pocket of my vest. I had been drinking during the performance and did not change my saloon to get a drink. Then, after taking a drink, I must have tendered this stage money in payment."

"Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory," said the judge. "Am I pleased to see."

"Hold on a moment!" exclaimed a policeman.

"What do you want?" the judge asked.

"I want to say a word in regard to this case. I want to say a word about a strange coincidence. Some time ago, while I was on the police force of Cincinnati, a fellow that looked a good deal like this man was arrested for passing a counterfeit bill, and at the trial next day he gave us the theater racket, just as his nibs has done, and the judge let him off. How do you explain that?"

The young fellow began to "hem and haw," and the judge, who by this time had opened his eyes pretty wide, asked: "Were you ever in Cincinnati?"

"Yes, sir, but not at the time that other fellow innocently attempted to—"

"That's enough. Pass him back."

As the young fellow turned to go, he remarked: "This is the worst policeman I ever saw. The day when an innocent man had a chance has forever passed."—Arkansas Traveler.

His Head Was Level.

A tramp who was robbing a Woodward man, and jumped the other day struck a pedestrian for a dime, saying he wanted to get a bite to eat.

"Why don't you try some of these houses around here?" was asked.

"I've tried all but that one on this block, and the people are either away or down on the porch."

"But why didn't you try that one?"

"I'm no fool, mister. I may not be poor, but I've got some common sense."

"Well, follow the street sprinkler and you can't go wrong. When it leaves a dry spot in front of a man's house you just keep away from that man. He's one where they tie ropes around the children's bodies just before feeding."—Detroit Free Press.

MUTINY OF MADMEN.

Four Stalwart Keepers Placed Hors de Combat During the Riot.

A rioting of an extraordinary character took place recently at the Bicester Lunatic Asylum, which was only put down by the arrival of the soldiery. Some of the dangerous lunatics had appeared more excited than usual, owing to the sultry weather, and one of them, an athlete of great strength, named Joly, succeeded in breaking out of his cell. Having opened the cell of fourteen of his companions, all of them made a rush at the keepers, who were walking up and down on guard. The lunatics then laid siege to the nearest rooms, and broke windows, chairs, tables and every thing else on which they could lay their hands. Afterward they went up to the keepers' sleeping-places, and, seizing all the razors, hammers and other dangerous instruments which they could find, redescended into the quadrangle, and began shouting out that they intended to kill everybody who should interfere with them. One of the keepers—a M. Petit—received a blow from the leg of a table, which broke his arm, but his colleague succeeded eventually, at the risk of their lives, in cutting off the retreat of the madmen by shutting them up in the quadrangle. The Governor, M. Pinon, now intervened, and tried by soft words to quiet the rioters; but he was threatened by Joly, who said that he would spare his life if he went down on his knees and begged pardon of all the inmates. As M. Pinon refused to do this, Joly hurled a flower-pot full of earth at him, but a keeper threw himself before the Governor, and received the pot and its contents on his chest. The Governor and his men then withdrew, and sent for the police and troops. The Inspector of Police, who arrived first, found the madmen straddling across a wall, where they were brandishing their razors and subjecting part of the asylum to a bombardment of rubbish, stones and bricks. Joly, when called upon to surrender, cried out: "We are outside the law; we are madmen, and you can't do anything!" When twenty-four soldiers, with fixed bayonets, arrived from the Bicester fort the lunatics became more exasperated, whereupon the keepers turned upon the hose and gave the maniacs a few shower baths. This was followed by a volley of blank cartridges, which effectively frightened them. They descended from their wall, and allowed themselves to be handcuffed. After that the most obnoxious were put into strait-waistcoats. Four of the keepers were placed hors de combat during the riot, while a sum of twenty pounds in bank notes, belonging to one of the asylum attendants, was destroyed by the lunatics.—London Globe.

HOW TO SEE EUROPE.

Do Not Stop at the Hot-Is Recommended in the Guide-Books.

If you travel abroad to see Europe, it is Europe you want to see, and not a conglomerate of Europe and America, made such by the tourist and his demands. To do this leave the beaten track of travel and search out the unexplored, unfrequented paths, and you will become acquainted with the countries and people you visit. Bedford's Magazine wisely says:

"The American should not go to the hotels most highly recommended in the guide-books. In every European city there are plenty of excellent quarters to be had, where the local fashion, both in habit and table, is retained, and where visitors can domicile with entire convenience and security. The traveler who expects to stop, even for a single night, will do well to seek out some 'pension' or unfashionable hotel for a lodging—due recommendation, of course, having been secured. He will thus be in a situation to observe somewhat of the domestic and work-day features of his environment and have something left to pay for the next entertainment. It is a costly variety to travel only in first-class railway carriages, American tourists, by using second-class carriages, and thus mingling with the masses of the people among whom they are moving, doing and faring as they do, will not only save money, but have a far better time. While the course prescribed does involve some tramping and labor, Americans who are able to go three thousand miles from home, should be equal to the exercise demanded. In doing it they will find that with improved digestion, and correspondingly improved spirits and temper, their capacity to enjoy what they see will be surprisingly enlarged."

A Ball of Dancing Birds.

In his "Pioneering in South Brazil," Mr. Briggs-Wither relates that one morning in the dense forest his attention was roused by the unwonted sound of a bird singing—songsters being rare in that district. His men, immediately they caught the sound, invited him to follow them, hinting that he would probably witness a very curious sight. Cautiously making their way through the dense undergrowth, they finally came in sight of a small stony spot of ground, at the end of a tiny glade, and on this spot, some on the stone and some on the shrubs, were assembled a number of little birds, about the size of tomtits, with lovely blue plumage and red topknots. One was perched quite still on a twig, singing merrily, while the others were keeping time with wings and feet in a kind of dance, and all twittering an accompaniment. He watched them for some time, and was satisfied they were having a ball and concert and thoroughly enjoying themselves. Then they became alarmed, and the performance terminated abruptly, the birds all going off to different directions. The natives told him that these little creatures were known as the "dancing birds."—Baltimore News.

Why She Liked Him.

Mrs. Grundy—And how do you like the new clergyman?

Mrs. Scroggs—O, I think he's just splendid.

Mrs. Grundy—Do his sermons appeal to you?

Mrs. Scroggs—No, no; but oh, how he does go for the woman next door and the woman across the street. It does my heart good to hear those critics get such an elegant roasting.—America.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—What Heaven wills, can never be withstood.

—One of the brightest students at Cambridge is blind.

—One of the hardest things for man to do is to own up that he is as mean as God says he is.—Ran's Horn.

—A Hebrew convert to Christianity is laboring with success among the thirty thousand resident Jews of Jerusalem.

—He who would be credited with real faith must have such works as will rightly illustrate it. His assertion will go for nothing without this.

—The board of trustees of the new Chicago University has been organized with E. Nelson Blake as president, and a number of other prominent Chicago business men as members.

—The graduating class of Bryn Mawr have given \$100 as a nucleus for an educational loan fund to help needy students. It is hoped that this fund will be sufficiently increased to be put in use by next fall.

—True repentance consists in the heart being broken for sin and broken from sin. Some often repent, yet never reform; they resemble a man traveling a dangerous path who frequently stops and starts, but never turns back.

—The estimate of the number of Christians in Ceylon is from 9 to 10 per cent. of the total population, as follows: Total population, 2,900,000; Romanists, 220,000; Anglicans, 25,000; Presbyterians, 14,000; Wesleyans, 25,000; Baptists, 8,000. Total of Christians, 290,000.

—There has been a very remarkable increase in the number of Catholic churches in this country in the last ten years. A recent issue of the Catholic Mirror states that the dedication of newly-erected churches is an event of weekly occurrence in the arch-diocese of Baltimore, and that the same activity is observable in other Catholic dioceses.—N. Y. Independent.

—Nothing in the world is so destructive of the true educational spirit as for school officials to cease being appointed upon grounds of fitness as instructors and to obtain their places by political preferment. At the very moment such appointments are made either in the teaching or supervisory departments, at that moment dry-rot attacks the whole educational system of the State.—Baltimore Herald.

—The number of students in the University of Greifswald this summer semester is 902, being the largest number ever on its books. Of these 491 are students of medicine, 374 of theology, 98 of philosophy and 25 of law, while 24 are allowed to attend particular lectures without having matriculated in any faculty. At Erlangen the number of students is 1,012, being the first time it has exceeded 1,000. The theological faculty used to be the most numerously attended, but this year medicine heads the list. At Marburg there are 1,003 students, this being also the first time the number of 1,000 has been exceeded. There are 299 students in the medical faculty.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Experience is good if not bought too dear.—Herbert.

—A man never forgets how good he is to others.—Ariston Globe.

—The Corner-Stone of Philosophy.—If you can't have what you want, don't want it.—Puck.

—Blessed is the man who at 40 has the fire of 20 and the peace of 70 together in his soul.—Phillips Brooks.

—Mrs. Grundy: One of these days the real "old family servant" will be exhibited at the dime museum.

—No one need expect to prevent earthquakes by building cities in the neighborhood of volcanoes.—Goethe.

—"Has your bird a keen sense of the ridiculous?" "Yes, she laughs all the time I am with her."—Detroit Free Press.

—There is a field for scientific inquiry in the fact that the more brains a man has the larger his head is.—Washington Post.

—She—But you must have some disadvantages at Harvard! He—No; the faculty has just been abolished.—Harvard Lampoon.

—"Papa," said a talkative little girl, "am I made of dust?" "No, my child. If you were you would dry up once in a while."—Exchange.

—If there is any thing more interesting in life than doing nothing, it is watching another person hard at work.—Boston Transcript.

—Yet he who means nobleness, tho' he misses his chosen aim, can not fail to bring down a precious quarry from the clouds